

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. VIII.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1900.

No. 8

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

CONTENTS OF NO. 8.

TWO ANGELS	89
THE DIARY OF THE YEAR	89
THE STILL HOUR	92
THE BIBLE CLASS	93
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	96
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL	99
A YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL: F. P. COBBE	100
NATURAL HISTORY	102
AMUSEMENT COLUMN	103
IMPORTANT NOTICES	104

TWO ANGELS.

Angel of the parting year,
Winging back to heaven thy flight,
Sad the burden thou must bear
From the darkness into light,—
Burden of my wasted days,
Fragments of my broken hours,
Budding promises that grew
Never into fruit or flowers;
Happiness I might have won,
Worthy deeds I might have wrought,
Wrongs I hate, but did not shun,
Good I crave, but never sought;
All my proud and lofty aims,
Withered now to vain regret,
Feeble, foolish, as the will
To no noble purpose set.

Take them all, my griefs, my joys,
Lay them at the Father's feet:
He will search if yet there be
'Mid the chaff some grain of wheat.
He will fan my faint resolves
To a purer flame and clear.
Bear to heaven my heart's desire,
Angel of the parting year!

Angel of the coming year,
Though thy face is veiled, I see,

By the glory round thee shed,
Thou hast some good gift for me.
Is it gold or power or fame?
Perfect peace from toil or care?
Or some sweeter, greater bliss
I had never hoped to share?

Nay, I know 'tis none of these:
Still I walk my narrow ways;
Still does lowly labor fill
All the measure of my days.
This the treasure thou hast brought,
Prized in every age and clime,
Life no greater boon can crave,—
God's most precious gift of Time.

Time to shape my common cares
Into duties high and sweet;
Time to learn that patience smooths
All rough ways for tired feet;
Time to scatter here and there,
By the wayside, love's small seed,
Knowing lowliest hands may oft
Minister to highest need.

So may each day be a cup
With life's sweetest flavors fraught;
Every hour a shining pearl
Strung on golden threads of thought;
Every moment a bright flower
Shedding perfume far and near.
Lend thy grace to make it so,
Angel of the coming year!

—*Susan M. Spalding.*

THE DIARY OF THE YEAR.

At the beginning of the year, one of the usual actions is to provide one's self with a diary.

The advantage to most of us of keeping a watch over our fleeting days is so great that I think this invention of diaries will improve the character of our people.

We are active enough, full enough of outgoing life: the objective element is sufficiently strong. We need, perhaps, the an-

tagonist tendency to balance this. We need to stop and watch ourselves, to stand still and consider.

Keeping a diary, even of outward events, is a good habit for a young person to acquire. Better if a little reflection on what we do makes a part of our journal. It helps us to keep the reins in our hands and prevents our being swept away by events. A record of facts is good, a record of ourselves is better. Watch the outward life, but watch the inward life also.

The modern invention is merely to have the days of the week, month, and year printed beforehand, to have places prepared in which to enter everything. But I suppose no one buys such a blank diary without getting one use out of it which the publisher never thought of. Is it not a very serious thing to buy a diary of the coming year, to look forward and make arrangements for three hundred and sixty-five more days of coming life? Does it not seem presumptuous to take this thought beforehand, not for the morrow, but for so many morrows? Shall we live to the end of the year? Will not our diary stop somewhere in it, and the last part of it remain forever blank? Some time it must be so, some year our diary will end long before the year ends. Will it be this one? Such thoughts are wholesome, if not too gravely dwelt upon.

But, besides this *diary of life* which we keep ourselves, there is another diary which God keeps for us. Everything which we do, feel, and think, all acts and all impressions, are instantly daguerreotyped, as soon as they occur, in those wonderful tablets which we call *memory*. There they are written down and packed away in every man's soul, —a whole library written full of past transactions. There are the faces of all the people we know; the names of multitudes more; the books we have read; pictures of the places we have seen; memories of all the moments, sad and bitter, with which our days have been crowded.

There they are, hidden away, perhaps forgotten by the consciousness, but still latent in the memory. Some day they will come up again. It seems probable that we never really forget anything. The very effort to *recollect* shows it. We know that the fact is in our memory, though we can-

not bring it up to clear conscious knowledge. We dive into our memory for it as, by the fragrant coast of Ceylon, men dive for Oriental pearls. We did not go deep enough this time: dive a little deeper, and we shall find it.

When parchment was scarce, it often happened that the writing would be erased from a manuscript, and something else written over it. This is called a palimpsest. But the erasure was only partial; and, as the original book is often more valuable than that which is written over it, means have been found to recover the underlying manuscript. Thus have been recovered some of Cicero's last works which were erased in favor of monkish legends. But what palimpsest is like the human soul? This may contain innumerable rescripts, one above the other; and yet the lowest of all, written in youth, sometimes comes out in age the clearest and most distinct of any.

These diaries of the soul the apostle Paul speaks of, when he says, "Ye are our epistle, written not with ink, but with the spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart." Every day something is written down in the diary of the soul. In it events write themselves good and evil, joyful or otherwise. What deep impressions are made upon it by passing events, of which we are not conscious at the time, but the results of which we see long after! As the soldier in the heart of battle may receive a sharp cut, and not be conscious of the wound at the time, but long afterward it will pain him, so it is with the events of life. We carry to our grave the scars of wounds received in our childhood. We come out of the battle of life covered with these scars, maimed and helpless invalids, veterans of many a stormy battle. How many mistakes we have made, what errors, what follies, what sins, and these are all written down in the diaries of each year! The soul of man is the book of judgment for him, to be opened on the last day. It is a palimpsest in which many things have been written. Sometimes a noble and beautiful work is erased, that a worthless one may be written over it. But that which seems to be erased may still be there, and at last the letters may be restored.

What shall be written during the coming

year in the diary of the soul? Every day before us is now blank, innocent of any evil, empty of any good. At the end of the year the diary will be full. Every day will have its mark. The coming year will be better or worse than the last. It is not likely to remain the same. Let us make it better. Let us write something good in each day's empty spaces. Let us gain some new knowledge each day, do some good action each day, receive some good influence from God's spirit into our souls each day.

What have we written during this past year? It has brought to us an infinite store of life. God has given to us all the magnificence of nature,—his suns and storms, the divine beauty of the long summer day, the exuberance of flowers and foliage, the changing seasons with all their variety. In all this he has come near to us to touch our hearts. Then he has sent to us human friendship and love. He has drawn out of us our best thoughts by teaching us to confide in others. He has sent to us dear little children to charm away all that is austere in life by their trusting, playful tenderness. He has given to us wise friends, who have guided us better than we knew ourselves. He has sent to our souls aspirations, hopes, and good purposes.

We have all had hours, some few at least, during the year in which life seemed all good and fair, heaven around us, and God and his angels near at hand. Christ was then as a brother and a friend, and perfect love cast out all fear. And what if the dark hours returned? What if we found ourselves again lonely and empty, without God and hope in the world? These moods of the soul are like days of storm, like this sharp cold which bites so nigh. It sends us back upon ourselves, teaches us to summon our powers, to bear and to wait, teaches endurance, patience, submission. The sun is there behind the cloud. God is there behind this desolate emptiness of your being. Your friends have left you alone, but whatever was divine in their friendship remains. Truth and love never deceive us, never depart from us. They seem to go, but they have not gone. When God has once visited the human heart and touched it with holy purpose, with tender penitence, with earnest aspiration, with self-forgetting love, those gifts of his "are

without repentance." It is impossible for us ever wholly to forget or wholly to forsake any really good experience of our soul. It is there, covered up, perhaps hidden beneath the ashes left by burning passions, beneath the dust which has drifted over it from worldly pursuits and anxieties; but it is there.

Therefore, if, in the diary of your soul during this year, God has written any sincere conviction and moment of pure love, any hour in which you determined to live for good ends, any day in which you did a kind act for another in the name of Christ, these moments, few though they be, are like the imperishable jewels which men put away in caskets and hand down as an ancestral inheritance.

During this year God has also taught us to believe in heaven. We have seen dear friends pass away; and, as we looked at the calm, serene face of death, we have followed them into the world beyond with our faith and our longing. We have stood by the brave young soldier who, led by the earnest purpose of duty, went out from his home and died as easily and sweetly on the bloody field as ever he fell asleep, a tired child in his mother's arms.

We have followed to the grave the man of experience, for years the energetic man of business, and long the centre of great activity, who passed from thence into quiet age, as the summer mellows into autumn. We have stood by the cradle coffin of the little boy whose soul, all overflowing with life, seemed made to be at home in this world, but who, like little Samuel,² heard God's voice calling in the night, "Samuel!" and went and stood before God, saying, "Here am I; for thou didst call me." We have seen the mother who, for long years a helpless invalid, sent from her sick-room holy influences of patience and sweetness to all that came near, teaching them the realities of life. We have looked on the worn face, pallid and faded with long disease, but always cheerful, with an inward peace of one who would be called a saint if we, in our prosaic churches, gave that name to any one. So we have bidden them farewell, one by one. The father, the husband, the mother, the little child, the young woman, the noble young hero, we have bidden them all farewell; but, as we

said, "Go to God," a voice in our heart replied, "Till we see each other again."

Every church, this year, has had its diary. Not so much, however, of its meetings, its discussions, its contributions to good objects, its generous activities, its Sunday-school and Bible class, or its efforts for the poor. But, if it is really a church of Christ, then it has every year brought Jesus nearer to some souls. Some have therein found inward peace and hope. Some have been drawn nearer to God and to heaven. Others have been led to turn from empty lives to generous efforts and earnest aspirations. As I look on your faces to-day, I know this is true of some of you; but of whom? That we do not know now, but shall know hereafter.

Blessed be God, then, for this year, for all its joy and all its sorrow, for its triumph and its disaster, for its hours when love and truth came to our hearts, for its hours when our hearts seemed empty and desolate! Let us bless him for it all, for all is good.—
James Freeman Clarke.

THE STILL HOUR.

A MORNING SONG.

I wake this morn, and all my life
Is freshly mine to live;
The future with sweet promise rife,
And crowns of joy to give.
New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take:
Perchance new burdens I may bear,
For love's own sweetest sake.
New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks with yesterday begun
More bravely to fulfil.
Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Whereby for others and for me
Undreamed of fruit may grow.
And if, when eventide shall fall
In shade across my way,
It seems that naught my thoughts recall
But life of every day,
Yet, if each step in shine or shower
Be where thy footstep trod,
Then blessed be every happy hour
That leads me nearer God.

— *Chambers's Journal.*

Let us every day in the year do some kind act or speak some kind word. Help somebody, comfort some one. Do not wait till you can do some great thing, but do some little thing. Be faithful in few things. The probability is that, if you propose to yourself to do a single good action each day, you will do more than one. While looking for one, you will see another. But do something. If your motive is to do good, that motive will glorify the most trivial action, and make it important.

The next maxim is to *have some plan* for our spiritual and moral life, and arrange each day accordingly. Let the plan be simple, so as to be practicable. Do not attempt too much; but, having formed a plan, keep to it. Shakspeare says,—

"Stick to your journal course. The breach of custom
Is breach of all."

Regularity and perseverance are just as important in the care of the soul as in the care of material interests. Paul describes the training of gladiators: "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things; but *they* do it to obtain a crown of oak-leaves which will fade, but we one which will never fade."

The prize-fighter knows that he must lead a strictly temperate life, and be a perfectly virtuous man, if he wishes to win the purse. He must keep under his body and bring it into subjection.

That life only is worth living which is devoted to some lofty aim. All our lives may be so devoted. But it is not enough to have a high aim: we must also have practical methods. It is melancholy to see persons sincerely desiring improvement, with good purpose and the best intentions, wasting their lives for want of some practical method. Have a plan, then, and keep to it. What you have to do, do at once. Finish everything, and so have the joy which only comes from accomplishment.

But, as every good thing has an opposite good thing to balance it, without which it is imperfect, so *plan* is imperfect unless married to its opposite, *inspiration*. With plan alone, life becomes too mechanical; and we tire of its routine. My next maxim, then, is, *have faith in inspiration*. Believe that God is ever-present in your soul, to in-

spire you for each duty, and to change routine and drudgery into life and love. While undertaking anything, look up for a moment, and open your hearts to God. This is prayer. Essentially there is no other prayer than this, to look up to God for strength with which to do God's work. As the flowers lift their cups to the sunshine and the trees hold up their multitudinous leaves to the driving summer shower, so the human heart must evermore lift itself to God for strength, insight, and love. This is the daily bread of the soul, without which life becomes very meagre and poor. The human heart is never, indeed, without God. In a total eclipse of the sun, at the moment of entire darkness when the last bead of light is cut off by the interposing planet, a corona of rays bursts out, encircling the moon, and indicating the place in the darkened sky where the sun is hidden. So in that atheistic mind which is most without God there are still some rays of a higher than earthly glory, indicating the place in the soul where God is hidden. But how joyful the moment when the unnatural eclipse is over, when the sudden sunbeam, shooting from the midst of the heavens, reawakens the blessed noon, when the birds begin again to sing, the insects spring again from the ground, the cattle lift their drooping heads! Nature puts on her robes of color, the little hills rejoice on every side, and the lively din of the cock scatters the thin rear of darkness. With equal joy does the soul receive God again after its dark eclipse of sin, of ignorance, or of unbelief. When we believe in the inspiration of God, it comes with equal blessing to the heart in all its states. In our summer hours, when we are glad and happy and hopeful, when the soul is covered with leaves and flowers, God's blessing falls like the dew and the rain, feeding the roots of our life, and making it bring forth and bud more abundantly. And in its wintry moments of sorrow or remorse, in our hours of disappointment and failure, when tormented with the sense of sin, God's blessing falls like the soft snow of last week, covering the dark earth with its charitable mantle, and adding a fairy beauty to the bare branches and gray forests. The forgiving love of God hides our sins as this fair sheet of snow covers the cold earth.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BIBLE CLASS.

ACTS VI., VII. THE GRECIAN WIDOWS: THE MARTYRDOM OF STEPHEN.

We come now to one of the most interesting and important subjects treated in the Book of Acts,—the story of Stephen, whose brief career and early martyrdom had so important an influence on the history of the Christian Church.

The early Christians were not yet called Christians, but we will use the name for convenience' sake.

Chapter vi. begins with a graphic and rather amusing little bit of church history, which will have a very familiar sound to all charity workers.

The "Grecian Jews" (or "Hellenists," as seems the better rendering) murmured because their widows were neglected "in the daily ministration."

It was a very important part of the charity of ancient times to take care of widows. The women of Oriental nations were unfitted to support themselves, both from want of training and from the secluded manner in which they lived. So, if there were no one to provide for them, they would have no resources whatever. These widows, being Christians, had no longer any claim on the funds for such purposes from the Temple treasury. The Grecian Jews, or Hellenists, were usually men of Jewish birth or descent, but speaking Greek, and somewhat pervaded with Grecian ideas and habits. Such, for instance, were the descendants of the Jews of the "Dispersion" who did not return to Palestine with the rest, when Cyrus conquered Babylon and set them free. The conquests of Alexander (in the fourth century B.C.) had strongly Hellenized a large part of the civilized world; and the Jews, scattered everywhere among other nations, were affected by this influence. They spoke Greek, used the Septuagint version of the Scriptures, and had imbibed some ideas from the nations with whom they had had business relations. Farrar says: "Contact with the world had widened their intelligence, and enabled them so far to raise their heads out of the heavy fog of Jewish Scholasticism as to distinguish between that which was of eternal and that which was but of transient significance. Far away from Jerusalem (where

alone it was possible to observe the Levitical Law), it was a natural result that they came to regard outward symbols as merely valuable for the sake of inward truths. To this class belonged the wisest members of the Jewish Dispersion. It is to them that we owe the Septuagint translation, the writings of Philo and Josephus, and a large cycle of historical, poetic, and apocryphal literature. Egypt was the main centre of this Græco-Jewish activity." Farrar adds that these "Grecian" Jews naturally desired to represent the institutions of their religion in such an aspect as should least waken the contempt of the nations among whom they lived. Such was one of the objects of Josephus in writing his "Antiquities." But, of course, the strict Jews would regard "these allegoric interpretations, Alexandrian theosophy, and spirit of toleration for pagan systems" with distrust, and find in them a want of allegiance to Judaism. So there was a decided antagonism between the Hellenists and the "Hebrews," or Judaistic Jews, of Palestine, who were unaffected by foreign culture and strict but narrow in their religious ideas and habits.

Some of the Hellenists may have been Greek converts, "proselytes" to Judaism.

It was not surprising, therefore, that grounds of jealousy soon arose in the administration of the affairs of the infant Church. The "Grecian" widows were probably unable to speak any language but Greek, which placed them at a disadvantage.

The methods of the charity disbursed were naturally not perfectly organized. The apostles were in the position of ministers of our day, who find themselves obliged to attend to the details of benevolent and philanthropic work, when they want to be studying and writing their sermons, and then receive little thanks for their labors. So they said, in effect, "We do not want to do this work: we would rather some one else attended to it." The word "fit" (R.V.) or "reason" (A.V.) is better translated "pleasing," and the meaning is "we have no pleasure in it." "Serve tables," the same expression used in Matt. xxi. 12. By tables are meant the benches, or counters, at which the money was distributed. Both in Hebrew and Greek, bankers are called *tablers*. The phrase "forsake the word of God"

implies that all their time was consumed in these business duties. So they wisely formed a benevolent committee of seven men. All the seven have Greek names, and it has been suggested that the whole committee was chosen from the Grecian Jews; but that seems improbable, and Greek names were not uncommon, even among Hebrews. Seven was the usual number of men chosen to manage public business in Jewish towns. Although the verb "serve" is the same from which the modern noun "deacon" is derived, these were not deacons in the modern sense. But there was a service of consecration, showing that the work was regarded as serious and important.

The apostles were now set free to devote themselves to their pastoral work. The first result was that the Church increased in numbers and strength, and the interesting phenomenon occurred of a good many priests becoming converts. This seems rather strange at first sight, but up to this time there had been no breach with the Jewish Church. The Jewish apostles were faithful to Jewish traditions, and there were many priests who were not Sadducees in theology nor Herodians in politics (Farrar). Many of the lower ranks of the priesthood were probably Pharisees, and they believed in the resurrection. So there was nothing to hinder them from accepting the belief in the resurrection of Jesus,—a belief so important in the early Church.

Stephen, although chosen for practical work, was a born evangelist; and his situation was such as to call forth all his powers. And now came the conflict with the traditional Judaism and the new Christianity. It was natural that Stephen, a Grecian Jew, should preach in the synagogues of the other Hellenists, "of the Libertines, and of the Cyrenians, and of the Alexandrians, and of them of Cilicia and Asia."

The "Libertines," or "Freedmen,"—as we should call them,—were probably the children of those Jews who had been carried captive to Rome by Pompey (B.C. 63) and set free by their captors, and after their return had formed a synagogue by themselves. But the most interesting thing in this sentence is that the Cilicians should have had a synagogue, and that Stephen should have had discussions with them.

For this makes it probable that Paul was among his hearers, and consequently among those who argued with him. Paul coming from Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia, would naturally attend these services in the Cilian synagogue.

This was the beginning of the great conflict between Judaism and Christianity. The apostles, with their Jewish ideas and strict observance of all Jewish customs, were really only a Jewish sect. So the position which they held was that of one synagogue more in a city which had already four hundred and eighty. They might have been called the "Synagogue of the Nazarenes." They did not understand that the Mosaic law was to be superseded, and the Temple worship abolished, although Jesus had spoken so plainly of this to the woman of Samaria. Farrar says: "The Hellenistic training of a Stephen and a Saul prepared them for the acceptance of lessons which nothing short of an express miracle could have made immediately intelligible to a Peter and a James."

From the speech of Stephen to the Sanhedrin we may infer his line of argument. He was not an ignorant man, but a learned Hellenist, and evidently skilled in controversy. And he boldly took the ground that the Mosaic law and the Temple services were temporary, and were to give place to a more spiritual form of religion. His antagonists, with the natural anger of those who are defeated in an argument, had recourse to violence. They stirred up the people against him, and, when the excitement was great, had him arrested suddenly and brought before the Sanhedrin. The accusation was, no doubt, one of those mixtures of truth and falsehood which are so hard to confute, more dangerous than an absolute slander. Stephen had said something like that of which he was accused. But he probably distinguished—in what he had said of the Jewish religion—between the temporary form and the essential truth.

They "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." This precious reminiscence came, no doubt, from Paul. He must have described the scene to Luke.

The high priest asked, "Are these things so?" That is, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

Stephen's answer was probably delivered

in Greek. It has been remarked that so long a speech could hardly have been preserved in the exact form recorded. But there were two secretaries at the sittings of the Sanhedrin, and Paul would have access to their reports; and this makes it probable that we have the speech almost as it was spoken.

The kernel of Stephen's defence was as follows:—

The Temple is not essential to true worship, for Abraham made a covenant with God when there was no Temple (vii. 2-8).

God was with Joseph in Egypt when there was no Temple (verse 9).

And with Moses on Mount Sinai, and made that a temple and holy ground (30-33).

And with the "church" or "congregation" in the wilderness; in the tabernacle in the days of Solomon; and, even when the Temple was built, Solomon declared that God does not dwell in houses made by hands.

Farrar says: "After his courteous request for attention his very first words are to speak of God, under one of his most awful titles of majesty, as the God of the Shechinah. On the history of Moses he dwells with all the enthusiasm of patriotic admiration. To the Temple he alludes with entire reverence. Of Sinai and the living oracles he uses language as full of solemnity as the most devoted rabbi could desire. But, while he thus shows how impossible it must have been for him to have uttered the language of a blasphemer, he is all the while aiming at the establishment of facts far deeper than the proofs of his own innocence. The consummate art of his speech consists in the circumstance that, while he seems to be engaged in a calm historical review, to which any Jewish patriot might listen with delight and pride, he is, step by step, leading up to conclusions which tell with irresistible force against the opinions of his judges. While he only seems to be reviewing the various migrations of Abraham and the checkered fortunes of the patriarchs, he is really showing that the covenants of God with his chosen people, having been made in Ur and Haran and Egypt, were all parts of one progressive purpose, which was so little dependent on ceremonials or places as to

have been anterior, not only to the existence of the tabernacle and Temple, not only to the possession of the Holy Land, but even to the right of circumcision itself.* While sketching the career of Joseph, he is pointing to the similar rejection of a greater than Joseph." The history of Moses also shows that the Hebrews had ever been inclined to spurn and neglect those sent by God to lead them. And Moses himself had taught them that his government was only provisional, and that a prophet would be sent to them later, to whom they should listen.

Nothing could have been wiser than this form of argument. But it is evident that it was unsuccessful; and Stephen probably saw, by the expression of the faces of the council, that they were wholly unmoved. He suddenly stopped, in the midst of his review of history, and uttered a stern reproof.

"Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Spirit: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? and they killed them which showed before the coming of the Righteous One, of whom ye have now become betrayers and murderers."

What must have been the fury which turned a solemn Sanhedrin into a mob of murderers! Stephen saw that his death hour had come. And with that moment his heart turned from the outward present horror and danger. He saw no more the dark, distorted faces, full of rage and hatred, of his enemies. Without thought of his own peril, he exclaimed, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God."

Transported with rage, the members of the Sanhedrin stopped their ears, and with a yell of anger rushed upon Stephen and dragged him out of the city gates, to be stoned. There was no legal decision. The death of Jesus must have been present to his mind. His last words recall those of Jesus. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and "Lord, lay not the sin to their charge." With these

words of trust and Christian forgiveness the first Christian martyr "fell asleep."

It would seem that no greater calamity could befall the early Church than the death of Stephen. But the providence of God can bring good out of evil. The martyrdom of Stephen gave to the world the apostle Paul.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the first request.

German.

"Von Berg und Thal"; "Unsere Lieder"; "150 Moralische Erzählungen"; "Heinrich und Marie"; "German Primer"; "Der Struwpeter"; "Bilder Allerlei"; "Kinderspiele."

French.

"Classic French Reader"; De Fiva's "Elementary Reader"; Bolmar's "French Verbs"; "Parlez-vous Français?" "Le Gendre de M. Poirier"; Fasquelle's "Method"; Hall's "First French Course"; Pinney's "Reader"; "English into French."

Miscellaneous.

"Gaspard de Coligny," Besant; "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello"; "Luther and his Times"; "Great Events in History"; "The Higher Life," Boardman; "Life of Jesus Christ," Beecher; "Astronomical Discourses," Chalmers; "Footsteps of St. Paul"; Kitts's "Bible Illustrations"; Trench's "Notes on Miracles and Parables"; "Two Sermons," by Phillips Brooks; "Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli"; Goethe's "Letters on Art"; "Gardening for Pleasure"; "Life of Wilberforce"; "Snow-bound," Whittier;

* Farrar notes here the effect of this argument on the mind of Paul, when he dwells on "that faith of our father, Abraham, which he had, being yet uncircumcised." (Rom. iv. 12.) The rabbis, contradicting Gen. xv. 18, claimed that Abraham was obliged to be circumcised before receiving the covenant.

"Hymns," Palgrave; Song Book, "The Peerless"; "Life of Cowper," Southey; "Open Sesame," poetry and prose for school-days; "The Home in Poetry"; "Our Country," Josiah Strong; "Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers"; "Hyperion," Longfellow; large print Bible, suitable for church use, and Concordance; Copeland's "Country Life"; "Democracy," De Tocqueville.

The following books are offered by the Branch of the Second Church Alliance, Salem, Mass. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. New correspondents will please send reference with first request.

Religious.

"The Young Christian," Jacob Abbott; "Friends in Council"; "Heaven our Home"; "Devotional Exercises," H. Martineau; "Frank Elliot, or Wells in the Desert."

Educational.

"Readers," "Spellers," "Arithmetics"; "Natural Philosophy," Quackenbos; "Business Manual"; "French Plays," college series, 2 vols.

Miscellaneous.

"The Ingoldsby Legends"; "Society in London"; "Klosterheim," Thomas De Quincey; "Yeast," "Alton Locke," Charles Kingsley; "Rugby Settlement, Tennessee," Thomas Hughes; "The Shah Nameh," by Persian poet; "Firdausi," translated by James Atkinson; "Robert Elsmere"; "Pink and White Tyranny," H. B. Stowe; "The Choir Invisible," James Lane Allen.

The following books are offered by Mrs. Sarah G. Jones, St. Mary's Street, Brookline, Mass.: "Elements of Natural Philosophy," Avery; "Primer of English Literature," by Stopford A. Brooke; Bigelow's "Hand-book of Punctuation"; Hillard's "Fifth Reader"; Ahn's "Rudiments of the German Language"; "Notes on Mineralogy," Whitman and Keene; "Elementary Manual of Chemistry," Nichols; Johnston's "History of the United States"; Davis's "University Arithmetic"; Sherwin's "Elementary Algebra"; Bullion's "Grammar"; "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," Winchell; "Preparatory Greek Course in English," Wilkinson; "Class Book History of England," Morris; "History of Rome," Barnes; "Popular Zoölogy," Steele; "College Latin

Course in English," "Preparatory Latin Course in English," Wilkinson; "New Elementary Astronomy," Kidale; "Hand-book of Chemistry," Appleton; "Recreations in Astronomy," Warren; "Chemistry and Electricity," Rolfe and Gillet; *Outlook*, 1896; *Forum*, 1893; 1892 (six numbers); 1894 (six numbers); *Atlantic Monthly*, 1891; *Harper's Monthly*, 1891; 1886 (eleven numbers); 1887-88 (complete); 1885 (eleven numbers); 1894 (eight numbers); 1883 (six numbers); *Century*, 1890-91 (ten numbers); 1892 (ten numbers).

The following books are offered by the Springfield Branch. Address Miss Clara D. Hoar, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass. "Methods of Mind Training," Catherine Aiken; "Parables for School and Home," Wendell P. Garrison; "Studies of Childhood" (Essays on Child Psychology), James Sully; "With Kitchener to Khartoum," G. W. Steevens; "Early Letters of George W. Curtis to John S. Dwight" (Brook Farm and Concord); "The City Wilderness" (a settlement study, South End, Boston); Barnes's "History of the United States"; "Men, Women, and Ghosts" (short stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps); "The Lady's Walk," Mrs. Oliphant; "The Little Moorland Princess"; "A Fair Barbarian," Mrs. Burnett; "Aristocracy and Evolution," Mallock; "Mr. Froude and Carlyle," David Wilson.

Juvenile.

"Master Bartlemy, or the Thankful Heart"; "Fifty Famous Stories Retold"; "American History Stories" (the Revolution); "Among the Meadow People"; "Great Men's Sons," Elbridge S. Brooks; "Last of the Mohicans," Cooper; also the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1898.

The Church of the Disciples Sunday-school Branch offers "Melchior's Dream, and Other Stories," and "Mrs. Overthway's Remembrances," Juliana Horatia Ewing. Address Miss Lena L. Carpenter, 775 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

The following magazines are offered by the First Parish Church Branch of Gloucester. Address Mrs. W. F. Hadley, 115 Washington Street, Gloucester, Mass. *London Society* for 1878; *Munsey*, 1897; *Littell's Living Age*, 1875 to 1879; ten numbers *Outlook*, 1899; odd *Munseys* from 1894 to 1899;

odd Scribner's, Harper's, McClure's, Ladies' Home Journal, 1898.

The Jamaica Plain Branch offer Keetel's "First Book in French"; Keetel's "French Grammar"; Chardenal's "First and Second French Course"; "La Tulipe Noire"; "Capi et sa Troupe"; "Mère Michel"; "L'Avare"; Leighton's "History of Rome"; Green's "Readings from English History"; Malory's "History of King Arthur"; "Flowers and their Friends," Morley; "The Last of the Barons," Bulwer; "Plain Tales from the Hills," Kipling. Also, any one wishing to borrow books from the Loan Library please send for catalogue. Address Miss Gill, Pond Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The following books are offered by the young ladies of the Lend-a-Hand Club of Laconia. Address Miss Florence M. Elsam, 141 Union Avenue, Laconia, New Hampshire. De Witt's "School Speakers, No. 6 and 16"; *Fancier's Gazette*; *The Poultry Monthly*; Franklin's "Second Reader"; Franklin's "Third Reader"; Franklin's "Advanced Third Reader"; Franklin's "Fourth Reader"; Haskins's "French and English First Book"; Hillard's "Intermediate Reader"; "New England Fruit Book"; "How to Talk" (English language); Eaton's "Primary Arithmetic"; "Parsing Book for Analyzing"; "Primary Speller"; "English Chatterbox"; "Elementary Geography"; "Life and Campaigns of George B. McClellan." We will also send a large package consisting either of copies of the *Youth's Companion* or *St. Nicholas* to any one who wishes for them.

Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass., will be glad to hear from some one wishing a Scotch paper.

Will any one who wishes to study algebra, Latin, or English by letter, send his or her name to the secretary, Miss Langmaid?

REQUESTS.

[Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California,

Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

Lucile Davis, St. Just, Virginia, wishes to thank the friends for the books sent her, and is desirous of obtaining an advanced instruction book in music.

Miss Annie L. Phillips, Holcomb's Rock, Bedford County, Virginia, who is teaching a private school in the country, would be very glad of any books or magazines. She particularly wishes a German newspaper or French and German novels.

Mrs. Helen Howard, 402 Olive Street, Atlantic, Iowa, is very thankful for what she has received, and asks that the *Youth's Companion* be sent for her little boy.

I would like so much to receive some song-books. We have worn ours all out, and our children are all fond of music. Also some sheet music for organ, both vocal and instrumental, and any old instruction book. We cannot afford to give our children lessons; but, as they are apt in learning music, if I had any books to work with, I could help them a little.

And will you please send me a few books suitable for making scrap-books, not too large? I have a lot of papers that have been loaned and read by our own children so much they are wearing out. So I will make scrap-books to lend and give away. My oldest boy is still collecting stamps, and would be glad of any new ones, or would like to exchange his duplicates with some one. We would like to have the song, "Break the News to Mother." Mrs. W. C. Smith, Chase, Kansas, Box 156.

Any person having a copy of Worcester's "Ancient and Modern History" to dispose of will please communicate with Miss Catharine Faucon, Milton, Mass.

Rev. John W. Brown, Dockery, North Carolina, asks for grammars for two children.

I have received several nice books and a number of monthlies in answer to my request. Several have sent with no address, so I take this method of thanking them all. Katie Scarborough, Pine Grove, Texas.

The address of Emma M. Backus is changed from Saluda, North Carolina, to Grovetown, Columbia County, Georgia.

I venture to make application for my daughter Miriam to join your society. I am doing missionary and colportage work in this section, and receive a small salary, insufficient, even with strict economy, to enable us to educate our family,—in all six children, ranging from ten to twenty years. We cannot take but one paper, so we take the *Youth's Companion*. We would be glad to receive any good reading matter, literary or religious, that the Cheerful Letter Society may send out. Miriam wishes Jean Ingelow's poems, and either Whittier's or Longfellow's. If the *Literary Digest* is handled by your society, I should be very thankful to have it. May the Lord aid you in your work! So many minds, almost empty, are supplied with pure, high-toned reading, and saved from the trash of mere mercenary publishers. Yours in the work. J. M. Sizer, missionary and colporteur, under the auspices of Sunday S. and Bible B. of Virginia. Address St. Just, Virginia.

I shall be very glad to receive Venable's "New Practical Arithmetic," Gildersleeve's "Latin Primer," and "Stepping-stones to Literature," for sixth grades, by Louise Sarah Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert. Maggie Borden, Leighs, Fairfax County, Virginia.

Will some kind friend send me Wood's Natural History, or any other for my little girl? And, if any one has any of E. P. Roe's works, I should be glad to get them. (Mrs.) S. C. Gardiner, Iron Bridge, Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. A. V. Hanna, Stafford, Kansas, sends grateful thanks to all who have kindly remembered her with letters and reading during the past year, and a message of cheer to all suffering ones. Mrs. Hanna would be glad of more reading.

Miss Rosetta Rice, Lexington, Florida, would like a history of the United States, a geography, and a dictionary.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.]

A LETTER.

I am fairly appalled by the communication in the last two numbers on "Whipping by one who was whipped," and can only suppose that the halo of a dear mother's memory has glorified the unworthy and obsolete method.

Is it possible that mothers who have read Herbert Spencer and Jacob Abbott, and many other thoughtful books, should go back to these "beggarly elements" of force and corporal punishment?

Surely, it is only with a very little child that arbitrary punishment of any kind is necessary. Let us try to guide rather than govern, let us feel that to look at a "green withe upon the wall" is humiliating, and by precept, story, and example teach our children to love goodness, truth, and honor.

Let us overlook small offences and the caprices of the moment, or, if we must correct them, do it very mildly. And, if we have read H. H.'s "Bits of Talk," we shall often gratify some wish of great importance to the child, though it may seem insignificant to us.

Christina Goodwin.

CULTIVATING AFFECTION BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

It is highly important and desirable to encourage and cultivate affection between our children.

The fraternal feeling is just as susceptible of culture as any other faculty of our nature, and we should distinctly bear this in mind in the training of our children. There is a difference in children as to their inclination or disinclination to be fraternal, according to the hereditary bent in them.

Accustom your children from the very first to divide everything with each other. Do not suffer them to hoard. Try to prevent any jealousies or rivalries among them: frown down on the ignoble fear which some children have lest the others should get more than they do of anything.

Encourage your children not only to feel affection and sympathy for each other, but to show it in their manner, words, and deeds. Many children, as well as grown persons,

have kinder feelings than they show, because they have never been trained and encouraged to express their feelings, and so they fail to give the amount of helpfulness and cheer to others which they might otherwise do. Let us train our children, however, not only to have loving feelings, but to express them; for what good do these feelings do to others, locked up in silence?

Encourage them to do for each other, to exert and deny themselves in each other's behalf; for nothing conduces so much to love as this. Many a time parents could readily do things for their children which it is better that they should allow the latter to do for each other. Let all their pleasures be in common, as far as their different ages and pursuits will render this possible.

Associated life is the life of heaven, and the family is the place in which to learn the rudiments of this life. Not only will a warm affection for each other greatly conduce to our children's happiness in their early years, but in their sadder and sterner years what a sweet solace it will be to them to cleave to each other with an enduring affection and steadfast sympathy through all the sorrows of life! Let us then exhort them, in their tender years, in the words of Shenstone's sweet old poem, to

"Love each other dear,
Whatever them betide,"

or, in the inspired words of the Psalmist, let us strive to teach them "how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—*From New Church Messenger.*

A YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL IN THE FIRST PART OF THE CEN- TURY.

It was not in London, but in Brighton, that the ladies' schools most in estimation were to be found. There were even then (about 1836) not less than a hundred such establishments in the town; but that at No. 32, Brunswick Terrace, of which Miss Runciman and Miss Roberts were mistresses, was supposed to be *nec pluribus impar*. It was at all events the most outrageously expensive, the nominal tariff of £120 or £130 per annum representing hardly a fourth of the charges for "extras" which actually ap-

peared in the bills of many pupils. My own, I know, amounted to £1,000 for two years' schooling.

I shall write of this school quite frankly, since the two poor ladies, well-meaning, but very unwise, to whom it belonged, have been dead for nearly thirty years; and it can hurt nobody to record my conviction that a better system than theirs could scarcely have been devised, had it been designed to attain the maximum of cost and labor and the minimum of solid results. It was the typical higher education of the period carried out to the extreme of expenditure and high pressure.

Profane persons were apt to describe our school as a convent, and to refer to the back door of our garden, whence we issued on our dismal diurnal walks, as the "postern." If we in any degree resembled nuns, however, it was assuredly not those of either a contemplative or silent order. The din of our large double school-rooms was something frightful. Sitting in either of them, four pianos might be heard going at once in rooms above and around us; while at numerous tables scattered about the rooms there were girls reading aloud to the governesses and reciting lessons in English, French, German, and Italian. This hideous clatter continued the entire day, till we went to bed at night, there being no time whatever allowed for recreation, unless the dreary hour of walking with our teachers (when we recited our verbs) could so be described to a fantastic imagination. In the midst of the uproar we were obliged to write our exercises, to compose our themes, and to commit to memory whole pages of prose. On Saturday afternoons, instead of play there was a terrible ordeal generally known as the "Judgment Day." The two schoolmistresses sat side by side, solemn and stern, at the head of the long table. Behind them sat all the governesses as assessors. On the table were the books wherein our evil deeds of the week were recorded; and round the room against the wall, seated on stools of penitential discomfort, we sat, five-and-twenty "damosels," anything but "blessed," expecting our sentences according to our ill-deserts.

The fiendish ingenuity of some teacher had invented for our torment a system of imaginary "cards," which we were supposed

to "lose" (though we never gained any) whenever we had not finished all our various lessons and practisings every night before bedtime, or whenever we had been given the mark for "stooping," or had been impertinent, or had been "turned" in our lessons, or had been marked "P" by the music-master, or had been convicted of "disorder" (*e.g.*, having our long shoe-strings untied), or, lastly, had told lies! Any one crime in this heterogeneous list entailed the same penalty,—namely, the sentence, "You have lost your card, Miss So-and-so, for such and such a thing"; and when Saturday came round, if three cards had been lost in the week, the law wreaked its justice on the unhappy sinner's head. Her confession having been wrung from her at the awful judgment seat above described, and the books having been consulted, she was solemnly scolded, and told to sit in the corner for the rest of the evening. Anything more ridiculous than the scene which followed can hardly be conceived. I have seen (after a week in which a sort of feminine barring-out had taken place) no less than nine young ladies obliged to sit for hours in the angles of the three rooms, like naughty babies with their faces to the wall, half of them being quite of marriageable age, and all dressed, as was *de rigueur* with us every day, in full evening attire of silk or muslin, with gloves and kid slippers. Naturally, Saturday evenings, instead of affording some relief to the incessant overstrain of the week, were looked upon with terror as the worst time of all. Those who escaped the fell destiny of the corner were allowed, if they chose, to write to their parents; but our letters were perforce committed at night to the schoolmistress to seal, and were not, as may be imagined, exactly the natural outpouring of our sentiments as regarded those ladies and their school.

Our household was a large one. It consisted of the two schoolmistresses and joint proprietors, of the sister of one of them, and another English governess, of a French, an Italian, and a German lady teacher, of a considerable staff of respectable servants, and finally of twenty-five or twenty-six pupils, varying in age from nine to nineteen. All the pupils were daughters of men of some standing, mostly country

gentlemen, members of Parliament, and offshoots of the peerage. There were several heiresses amongst us, and one girl whom we all liked and recognized as the beauty of the school, the daughter of Horace Smith, author of "Rejected Addresses." On the whole, looking back after the long interval, it seems to me that the young creatures there assembled were full of capabilities for widely extended usefulness and influence. Many were decidedly clever, and nearly all were well-disposed. There was very little malice or any other vicious ideas or feelings, and no wordliness at all among us. I make this last remark because the novel of "Rose, Blanche, and Violet," by the late Mr. G. H. Lewes, is evidently intended to describe this particular school, and yet most falsely represents the girls as thinking a great deal of each other's wealth or comparative poverty. Nothing was farther from the fact. Of vulgarity of feeling of the kind imagined by Mr. Lewes I cannot recall a trace.

But all this fine human material was deplorably wasted. Nobody dreamed that any one of us could, in later life, be more or less than an "ornament of society." That a pupil in that school should ever become an artist or authoress would have been looked upon by Miss Runciman and Miss Roberts as a deplorable dereliction. Not that which was good in itself or useful to the community, or even that which would be delightful to ourselves, but that which would make us admired in society, was the *raison d'être* of each requirement. Everything was taught us in the inverse ratio of its true importance. At the bottom of the scale were morals and religion, and at the top were music and dancing. Miserably poor music, too, of the Italian school, then in vogue, and generally performed in a showy and tasteless manner on harp or piano. I can recall an amusing instance in which the order of precedence above described was naively betrayed by one of our schoolmistresses, when she was admonishing one of the girls who had been detected in a lie. "Don't you know, you naughty girl," said Miss R., impressively, before the whole school,—“don't you know we had *almost* rather find you have a P.” (the mark of "pretty well") "in your music than tell such falsehoods?"

It mattered nothing whether we had any "music in our souls" or any voices in our throats, equally we were driven through the dreary course of practising daily for a couple of hours under a German teacher, and then received music lessons twice or three times a week, from a music-master (Griesbach by name) and a singing-master. Many of us, myself in particular, had, in addition to these, a harp-master, a Frenchman named La Barre, who gave us lessons at a guinea apiece, while we could only play with one hand at a time. Lastly there were a few young ladies who took instructions in the new instruments, the concertina and the accordeon.

The waste of money involved in all this, the piles of useless music and songs never to be sung, for which our parents had to pay, and the loss of priceless time for ourselves was truly deplorable; and the result, of course, in many cases (as in my own), complete failure. One day I said to the good little German teacher, who nourished a hopeless attachment for Schiller's "Marquis Posa," and was altogether a sympathetic person, "My dear Fräulein, I mean to practise this piece of Beethoven till I conquer it." "My dear," responded the honest Fräulein, "you do practise that piece for seex hours a day, and you do live till you are seexty, at the end you will *not* play it!" Yet so hopeless a pupil was compelled to learn for years, not only the piano, but the harp and singing.—From "*The Life of Francis Power Cobbe*."

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE POD-LIKE WILLOW GALL.

In winter, when the slender twigs of the willow stand bare of leaves, it is easy to discern the swellings and bulgings which indicate the snug little dwellings of various gall insects.

The "pod-like willow gall" deserves to be mentioned first, because the perfect insect, more liberal-minded than most other gall insects, condescends to lay its eggs on several species of its food plant. These galls have been found on no less than six species of willow, though slight differences, particularly in size, may be noticed between those

growing on different species of willow. The gall is solitary, one-chambered, oval, and woody, half an inch to an inch long, and one-fifth to one-third of an inch in diameter. It is at the end of a twig when it first begins to form; but those which I find in the winter appear situated at the forking of a branch, two of the buds which were on the gall having developed into twigs several inches long. The gall tapers at its apex to a short blunt beak, which is evidently an alteration of the terminal bud. When these galls grow on the long-beaked willow, a species which has soft silky leaves, the terminal beak is apt to be recurved or bent over.

By carefully cutting away slices from the side of this gall, we can see the long narrow internal cell extending into the hollow tube of the terminal beak. The pupa makes its exit through this passage-way, forcing its body half-way out of it, and in that situation transforming to the perfect insect. Sometimes it is careless, and falls entirely out. The larva spends the winter in the gall. He is a famous great fellow,—by which I mean that he is larger than any other gall-gnat larva that I have as yet seen; and I read that the fly into which he turns is one of the largest of our gall-gnats. The larva is also very brilliant in color, being, I should say, the hue of the interior of a blood-orange. Although he spends the winter in his gall, when I opened sixteen galls on December 6, I only found larvæ in two of them. I wonder what had become of the tenants of the fourteen empty galls!—Cora H. Clarke.

HOW A SPIDER GETS OUT OF PRISON.

Much amusement and information in regard to the habits and structure of spiders can be given to one or more children by securing a stick upright in a dish of water, placing on it a spider. Allow the dish to stand in a draught of air, with some article of furniture near, upon which he can throw his web when he finds that is the only way he can escape from his prison. His antics in trying to get away from the pole—which to him is not a liberty-pole—are very funny to watch. He will stretch out one foot; and, when it touches the water, he will shake it, as pussy does when she walks in the wet grass. After several unsuccessful attempts

to effect an escape, he will scamper to the top and begin to whirl around like a spinning-wheel,—as he is, inside,—then throw out a line, and, as soon as the air has carried it to a resting-place, he will begin to try its strength—as an elephant does a bridge that crosses a stream and he fears will not bear his weight—first with one leg and then the other. If not strong enough, he goes back,—not as the elephant, through the water,—but to send from his body a little more material to make it secure; and, when the bridge is completed, he will scamper across, delighted with the liberty he has earned. A. L. S.

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.]

Charades.

1.

My first is but a letter,
One of the twenty-six,
That in our early childhood
We are taught in our mind to fix.

My next is grim and forbidding,
Suggesting war's dire sway,
At the entrance of many a harbor
We see it frowning to-day.

Now let us unite the powers
Of mind and heart and soul.
There is nothing worth having or being
Accomplished without my whole.

E. P. P.

2.

My second and third will do my first,
If left to the elements.
In the school my whole is listened to
With interest intense.

E. P. P.

Conundrums.

1. Why was Eve not afraid of the measles?
2. Which of the animals in the ark took the least luggage between them?
3. What is the first banking transaction mentioned in the Bible?
4. What is the first commercial transaction?
5. If all the seas were dried up, what would everybody say?
6. Why is anything unsuitable like a dumb person?

The Whole Year Through.

Find something typical of each month of the year in the twelve following sentences:—

1. Come fill your lamps anew, ye are foolish virgins.
2. We borrowed clothes for the theatricals, and what Eva lent I never saw equalled.
3. The soldiers had a forced march, winding through the open country.
4. Badger, show Erskin the brindled cow.
5. Oysters are of lower species than the mosquitoes or flies.
6. I rose several times in the night to look for the meteors.
7. Give Melinda the four thinnest blankets you have.
8. Why doesn't he attend to what I say?
9. Jane is having a lesson now, and cannot see you.
10. The schooners hug the wharves to-night on account of the storm.
11. I lived in the far-off East, in Guinea, when I was married.
12. If he had been addicted to alcohol, Lysander never would have succeeded as he did in his wars on land and sea.

Answers to Puzzles in December Number.

Mangled Verses

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, love divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine;
Love to God and all men,
Love the universal sign.

Twenty-five articles found on a penny:—

1. Circle; 2. Band; 3. Feathers; 4. Knot;
5. United States; 6. Face; 7. Cheek; 8. Liberty; 9. Eyes and nose; 10. Lid; 11. Brow; 12. Ear; 13. Two lips; 14. Dates; 15. Hair; 16. Mouth; 17. Neck; 18. Crown; 19. Temple; 20. Head; 21. Ten mills; 22. Shield; 23. 18 and 99; 24. Arrow; 25. One cent (one sent).

Mrs. Minnie Perkins has moved from Olympia, Washington, to South Tacoma, Washington.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country, for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

WILL ANY MINISTER WHO RECEIVES THIS PAPER KINDLY NOTICE THAT IT IS NOT SENT TO HIM WITH THE OBJECT OF OBTAINING SUBSCRIPTIONS, BUT THAT, IF HE KNOWS OF LONELY PEOPLE LIVING IN REMOTE PLACES ON RANCHES AND PRAIRIES, — ESPECIALLY WHERE THERE ARE FAMILIES WITH CHILDREN,—IT WILL ASSIST THEM AND BE A FAVOR TO US TO SEND THEIR NAMES TO OUR SECRETARY, THAT THEY MAY RECEIVE OUR PAPER FREE AND ENJOY THE ADVANTAGES OF THE OFFERS OF BOOKS, ETC., WHICH ARE PRINTED IN EVERY NUMBER?

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, February 5, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

All interested in this work are cordially invited to be present.

Please notice the change in the address of our Book Club secretary, from 2 Webster Street, Allston, to 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

In sending requests or offers of books, it is essential to address these communications to the *Book Club* (secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols). If addressed to the editor, these letters are in some cases postponed, in others altogether omitted. See directions in every number of *The Cheerful Letter*.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline, or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.